

## THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:  
724 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.  
Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C.,  
as second-class matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Under the Direction of  
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor  
HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier.  
Daily and Sunday, 40 cents per month.  
Daily and Sunday, \$4.00 per year.  
Daily, without Sunday, 35 cents per month.  
Daily, without Sunday, \$3.50 per year.  
Sunday, without daily, 20 cents per month.  
Sunday, without daily, \$2.00 per year.

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING  
SPECIAL AGENT, Brunswick Building.  
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAM  
HAM, Boyce Building.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1910.

## Taft and Roosevelt.

The Philadelphia North American Saturday, in a remarkable editorial entitled "The False Friend," replied in somewhat vehement rhetoric to comments in numerous newspapers upon Roosevelt's treatment of President Taft as ungrateful and disloyal. Not a few newspapers have construed his silence as "worse than open hostility," and one has called it "brutal treachery."

After reviewing some of the circumstances of Taft's nomination for President and pointing out that newspapers and men who opposed it are those now arraigning Roosevelt, the North American proceeds to give what purports to be some specific causes of the breach between Roosevelt and Taft. Summed up, according to this editorial, the causes are these:

That, "believing the best monument to his administration would be his awakening of the American people to the gospel of conservation," he desired and asked "the retention in the Cabinet of James R. Garfield, whom he knew to be honest and unselfishly devoted to the good new doctrine," and, though this was all he asked before he sailed away, it was denied, as the interests "needed Ballinger."

That, since his return, he has learned that before he was fairly at sea "Ballingerism was installed in place of honest conservation, and every one of his extreme personal antagonists obstructively made welcome at the White House. Cannon was exalted, Tillman made the recipient of special favor."

That among the earliest guests of honor at the White House under the new regime "were the man and wife whose absurd self-assertion and breach of personal confidence had made a farce of American diplomacy and embarrassed greatly Mr. Taft's friend and predecessor"—referring, of course, to the Bellamy Storer.

That he "learned that the most loyal adherents of the work he began had been either dismissed from the public service or 'frozen out'—meaning Gifford Pinchot et al."

That Mr. Taft had "altered an itinerary and affronted the popular sentiment of the State of Minnesota and espoused the cause of Taft, so violent an enemy of all that Roosevelt had stood for that it had been necessary to stigmatize his devious methods specifically in a Presidential message."

That "when a corporation tool, Morgan, in a government department, had indulged in such billingsgate against Roosevelt that in common decency President Taft was compelled to call for his resignation," he boasted that he had resigned before he spoke and was immediately given "a place paying twice his former salary," the holding of that place of profit from Indian lands "being subject to the approval of the national administration."

That he learned upon his return that "credit was being claimed for every semblance of legislative progress along the lines of the Roosevelt policies, and that every such advance had been forced reluctantly as amendments by a tricky and vicious administration bill."

Concluding the North American says: "We leave it to our readers to reckon by those facts which is the true friend and which the false. We suggest merely that frequently silence is charity."

There are specific reasons for disbelieving that ample warrant is to be found in any or all of the causes thus assigned for Roosevelt's break with Taft, assuming that there is a break.

If the President chose to make up his own Cabinet and not retain Mr. Garfield, his choice, at any rate, fell upon a Roosevelt official of demonstrated capacity as Commissioner of the General Land Office, and in whom Roosevelt expressed the highest confidence. This refers to the now much abused Ballinger.

If he chose to entertain the Bellamy Storer at the White House, that was because they were old, Cincinnati friends, and certainly he could not be expected to perpetuate a Roosevelt personal feud.

If he exalted Cannon, he exalted him only as Roosevelt had exalted him by conferring with him touching House legislation.

If Tillman was made the recipient of special favor, it was only the especial favor uniformly extended by the White House to a United States Senator.

If he dismissed or froze out Gifford Pinchot, it was only after earnest personal effort to retain his services and after all other means of restoring peace had been exhausted.

If he espoused the cause of Taft, it was only in the way Roosevelt espoused the cause of Cannon when politics made it expedient to do so.

If, after the resignation of Assistant Secretary McPherson, he secured a more remunerative position, subject to the approval of the national administration,

it was obviously at the instance of the chairman of the Republican National Committee in payment of a political debt. Mr. Hitchcock, who conducted a part of the Roosevelt campaign for Taft, contracted that political debt.

If credit is claimed by the administration for legislation along Rooseveltian lines, it is the credit that naturally and properly comes to an administration for results achieved. If Congress improved the administration measures submitted, the credit attaches, nevertheless, since the Executive approval was necessary in the end.

Whatever view the fair-minded man may have of the Taft administration, favorable or unfavorable as a whole or in detail, the fair-minded man will not believe for a moment that it has ever been guilty of attempted tricks and vicious devices to get bad legislation through Congress. And we do not believe that Roosevelt himself has been led to believe any such thing. As for the other charges in the North American's indictment, they answer themselves.

The administration has not affronted Roosevelt.

"There is no time for quarrels in the party," says Vice President Sherman, but they seem to be making time somehow.

## La Follette Leads Them All.

It would be the irony of fate if, on this rising tide of radicalism, defeat should be the portion of that pioneer radical of the land, Robert M. La Follette. But this is hardly to be apprehended. Doubtless his State will remain loyal to him. The contest soon to be settled by primary, however, is evidently one of the hardest in which he ever engaged.

Whatever the outcome of it, this uncompromising warrior for reform must be getting a lot of grim satisfaction out of the present situation. Unlike other insurgent Republicans of high station, he has not suddenly seen the light and become a convert to a new cause.

He cannot fairly be accused of adopting any other man's ideas, or being identified with this progressive movement because it has become popular and now promises well.

He had convictions when it cost something to have convictions and to promulgate them.

He has stood for them steadfastly, courageously, tenaciously, and to the end. Cold-shouldered in the past by party men who clearly disapproved of his propaganda; barely tolerated by Republican leaders save when the exigencies of the times necessitated co-operation; called a demagogue, and destructionist, and a dreamer of bad dreams, La Follette has lived to see those who formerly looked at him askance voluntarily come into his State and take up his fight.

His company, which they once shunned, now they seek, and seek eagerly. The cause for which he battled, single-handed, all these years is to-day a common cause.

As a tariff reformer, a champion of the square deal, an antagonist of mercenary machine politics, a foe of predatory wealth, an advocate of fair taxation, and a zealous expounder of progressive political doctrines generally, this Wisconsin apostle antedates Cummins, Dooliver, Brewster, Pinchot, Victor Mordock, Beveridge, Jimmy Garfield, William Allen White, Theodore Roosevelt, and all the rest.

He even antedates William Jennings Bryan himself.

When a voice was ringing out by way of protest: "What's the matter with Kansas?" to quiet a restless populace, La Follette was discovering much the matter with Wisconsin, and forcing corrective measures into effect that made for better things. His part was not a shouting with the loudest crowd.

He was a reformer when reforming was not in vogue.

He was an insurgent when the term was a by-word and reproach.

And so, as we have said, whatever comes to him now there must be grim satisfaction to this battle-scarred warrior in finding himself in large and respectable national company that knew him not in the days when he was fighting it out alone.

La Follette is a demonstrated fact—a man not merely of language, but of acts.

Someone has figured up that the colonel mentioned himself thirty-four times in his Osawatimie speech. He also referred to John Brown twice.

## The Five-foot Shelf.

Because Dr. Eliot's "five feet of best books" have been removed from the library of certain railroad trains many newspapers are speaking of the "five-foot shelf" of his selection. As a matter of fact there has been no failure, except that of the railroad which made the experiment, which was, it may be admitted, a foolish one to attempt.

The Burlington Railroad put this "five-foot shelf" of books on four limited trains running between Chicago and Denver, trains which average 400 passengers a journey of 1,000 miles. A count kept during a period of two months showed that only thirty-five calls were made for any of the books. Because they were not read people attribute failure to Dr. Eliot's selection.

But let it be remembered that Dr. Eliot did not choose a "five-foot shelf" of books for rapid consumption on railway journeys. His selection of books was made with the statement that an uneducated man could, from these volumes, which he named, secure a sufficient knowledge of letters and philosophy to carry him well through the world. Of course, the eminence of Dr. Eliot in the world of letters caused his "five-foot shelf" of books to be widely advertised, and doubtless, too, it caused many of the books to be read. Yet because the purpose of Dr. Eliot's recommendations was so misunderstood and abused, and used in a wrongful manner, his selection is

held to have failed. Many people seem to think that the failure argues that Americans desire only light literature. The Cleveland Leader, for instance, pokes fun at the failure, and says:

"For instance, 'Bathhouse John,' of Chicago, being a thrifty person, could have been induced for a consideration to ride on one of the trains and read aloud from 'The Golden Sayings of Epictetus.' His friend, 'Hinky Dink,' would doubtless have accommodated by ostentatiously perusing 'Anologia,' across the aisle, with his feet jauntily perched on the back of the chair ahead of him."

"An occasional cattle drover might have been engaged to drive variety to the scenery by discussing the 'Meditations' of Marcus Aurelius. Johnson's 'Volpone,' in the hands of a brakeman, ought to have proved a first-class attraction. Then there were the 'Journal' of John Woodman, the Letters of Cicero and Pliny, and Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' to fall back on. Who can say that entertainment such as has never been afforded might not have been provided for those four limited trains?"

It is sincerely to be hoped that the much-heralded "failure" of the books of Dr. Eliot's selection on the Burlington Railroad will not be misunderstood. The books he recommended are all of them good books; the best books of their kind in the world. To read them all is to acquire a liberal education; to know them well is to know and understand life and its duties and responsibilities better; to be informed with high ideals.

Anyone would really think that Prof. Moore knew all about it.

We suppose now that some paragrapher will write about Curtis' fight over Lake Erie as an aerial victory. How we hate puns!

The New York man who committed suicide so that his wife could find a better husband made the task pretty easy for her.

The New York alderman who won a contest by eating eleven pounds of prime beefsteak must be a multi-millionaire.

An authority says that a man can dress well on \$5,000 a year. If the average man had to wait for that sort of an income, he'd go as naked as Adam.

It was inevitable that the headlines should read: "Lost to the Leaders." We had to explain those two defeats somehow.

The cannon that welcomed the colonel to the West was not Uncle Joe; just an ordinary gun.

If cotton goes much higher, it will soon break into the fashion column.

Bryan said, "I put the man above the dollar." The colonel rehabilitates the epigram when he says, "I am for men and not for property."

The member of the Missouri legislature who gave 1,200 watermelons to the convicts in the penitentiary can't be accused of trying to secure votes.

New York complains that there is a shortage of chorus girls. It's the quality, not the quantity, that is usually complained of.

There is one thing that has been made clear: that outside of running it the colonel doesn't want to interfere in any way with the New York convention.

Lawson made his reappearance with that "titian-haired" Standard Oil spy, but we haven't heard from the "golden-haired adventures" for some time now.

Of course, part of the high cost of living may be due to automobiles, but it should not be forgotten that politicians also cost something to keep.

That young woman in New York who shot herself because she had failed as a writer ought to have chosen the other alternative and moved to Indiana.

That Chicago woman who was robbed of \$4,000 worth of jewels on board the incoming Kaiser Wilhelm may console herself with the thought that Mr. Loeb's men would have gotten them anyway.

Idaho is the latest to try the direct primary and, needless to say, it gave entire satisfaction.

Joe Sibley says his secretary did it. Sounds like that echo of the old days—blame it on Loeb.

Each of the Osage Indians is said to be worth \$25,000. Wonder what they have to give up in "fees?"

Alaska has received its last mail until next spring. Just think, not even their creditors can get at them.

Dr. Crippen says that pretty Ethel Le Neve has been his comforter for three years. After all, comforter is as good a word as affinity.

A French scientist says that the sea holds enough gold in solution to give each inhabitant of the earth \$24,000,000. We'll sell our share of it right now very reasonably.

Edison has invented a machine that will make pictures talk. How awful it would be if mother-in-law had one taken that way.

The author of a recent book says that the modern girl never kisses. Which indicates either that the author is a mollycoddle or a donkey.

## INSURGENTS.

The jam was all labeled and put on the shelf. The little boy climbed on a chair. And sampled each jar with gastronomic joy.

Plum, apricot, blackberry, pear. He had all he could eat, and was sticky and sweet. But was just reaching after some more. When mamma appeared, and the insurgent got a taste of the slipper she wore.

A flighty young miss who refused to obey Her mother, or stay into school. Ran off and assumed the hymeneal yoke. In place of her parents' kind rule. But, alas! she discovered her sorry mistake. When too late to amend it, of course. A penitent insurgent home she returned. And straightway applied for divorce.

A gallant who courted a beautiful girl. And loved her, but hated to stop His flirting with other young ladies, delayed. The question momentous to pop. But when he inspired her a day and a date To name to the parent's to go. He met with a frightful and final rebuff. For his insurgent sweetheart said "No."

A big politician who filled up for years His bottomless pockets with gold. From the purse of the people, and in his demands Grew still more insistent and bold. Was at last overtaken by the friends he betrayed. For an insurgent greed was he. And the public he plundered rejoiced in his woe. From his taxes and trickery free.

For none of us ever is wholly content. With life and its gifts as we are. And whether we hanker for glory or gold. Or push us up into a star. Though sure that a punishment painful and swift. Upon us is certain to fall. We rebel, and at treasures forbidden we grasp. Because we are insurgents all.

—Mina Irving, in Harper's Weekly.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

## ONE SYSTEM.

"I'd do a good turn any day. For any friend. If there's a chance to make it pay. A dividend."

In casting bread on water wide, I don't begin. Until I'm pretty sure the tide Is coming in.

## Another Slam.

"I suppose you made some discoveries on your trip?" "Yes; I found there really is a town called Oshkosh. I always thought that was just a minstrel joke."

## In High Life.

"I hear Fil is dead." "Ah, my precious poodle. I have nothing to live for now."

"Yes, you have. You have your seven bridge clubs."

## Good Reading.

"What sort of magazine fiction do you like best?" "Well, I think I prefer those stories telling how good the next number is going to be."

## A Little Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb, Not much more than a bite. The lamb was nice; it was the price That spoiled her appetite.

## Nibbles the Wood.

"I'm tired of this old joke about a woman sharpening a pencil with her husband's razor."

"There's nothing in it. No woman sharpens a pencil. She gnaws it to a point."

## Honest Enough.

"I've been sending out boxes containing fifty cigars, telling recipients to smoke them, and then send the money or return the rest."

"Are the recipients honest?" "They seem to be. I've been getting back forty cigars right along. Some of them even send back forty-nine."

## Good Measure.

In verse I like a lengthy dode; I like the old-time bard; I like old poems like "Lucille"—you read 'em by the yard.

## THE HEARING OF FISH.

## Are They Frightened by Sounds on the Bank of a Stream?

Thomas Peck, in the Shooting Times. I have long thought that fish under water cannot hear sounds which take place above it. I have been fishing with a gentleman who did not like to speak for fear the trout would hear him. I ridiculed the idea and said: "Let us fish away and talk as loudly as we can for a while, then let us fish and hold our tongues for another while, and see if there is any difference in the rising of the trout to the fly." There was not the slightest difference.

Among all the anglers of my acquaintance I can only call to mind one who held the idea that sound above water frightened fish under it. The firing of big guns from forts has been alluded to, but generally in these cases a ball goes hopping along, or a shell bursts and causes a movement in the water. From the fort at Kinsale they fire toward the harbor's mouth, as I have seen many times, when in our yacht at anchor in the harbor. We were told that the locality where the balls strike was quite deserted by fish, but in other parts of the harbor the fishing was not affected.

Small narrow streams in Ireland often hold trout, and one day, unperceived, I got close to a trout in one and shouted as loudly as if talking a fox from cover. The trout took no notice and did not move, but the moment I made a movement and showed myself, off he went like an arrow.

In the same stream I saw a trout lying close to the bank, and getting above him, I tore a few bits of white paper from an envelope and let them float over him. He at once rose and took a piece. This was repeated three times when the paper floated directly over him, but when they passed him on either side he took no notice. If a hook had been in one it would apparently have been as good as the best fly.

In the Brandon River I saw trout rising outside the reach of a man with a twelve-foot rod. When he was gone, having caught nothing, I took his stand, and casting the trout with my eighteen-footer, pulled out six. I never thought of any effect from stamping on the bank and never tried it.

## "RAT-PROOFING" A CITY.

## Word Coined in Connection with the Cleansing of San Francisco.

From the Chicago Tribune. San Francisco is being "rat-proofed." The word has become part of the San Francisco vocabulary, like "water-proofing," and refers to a style of brick and concrete architecture that is enforced by condemnation proceedings in portions of the city, until now the centers of rat population.

Eighteen months have passed since the last capture of a rat afflicted with the bubonic plague—the "Black death" of history, which fleas, borne by the rats, spread to human hosts. But the fight to exterminate the rodents goes on. According to the report of Dr. G. M. Converse of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service the sewers are being poisoned and the rats are being caught in cages and snap traps at the rate of 8,500 monthly.

In "Butchertown," in the congested Japanese quarters, and in the wholesale fruit and produce section of the town, the ramshackle buildings are being replaced with solid structures.

By and by every American city may be rat-proofed, fly-proofed, tick-proofed, and mosquito-proofed, until these death-dealing vermin are utterly destroyed.

## Obvious.

From the Chicago Tribune. The steamer landed at St. Joe dock and the passengers began to disembark.

Whereupon the orchestra on the boat struck up Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."

"Wilfred," said the pretty young thing in white, blushing furiously, and turning to the young man by her side, "you've told somebody."

## Accommodating.

From the Boston Transcript. Vacationist (in country store)—I wish to get some safety pins.

Clerk—Sorry, ma'am, we're all out of safety pins, but we have some fine safety matches.

## Fair Warning.

From the Detroit Free Press. We feel it our duty to announce that people who put on their flannels now will soon have cause to regret it.

## DAILY BOOK REVIEW

## "OUR LADY OF DARKNESS."

It's a terrible story. "Our Lady of Darkness," by Albert Dorrington and A. C. Stephens; big and vital and clean cut and impressive, but brimming over with elemental passions, having for motive a wicked woman's fierce and incredibly cruel revenge.

Imanu Pasha, as the prologue informs us, has robbed Dr. Jean Barradas of marital happiness. Barradas, after long waiting, kills Imanu Pasha. Then Calphurnia, Imanu's amazing wife, arranges to have Barradas convicted of treason and deported to the awful prison colony of Noumea, where his hidden hate also causes him to be tortured almost beyond measure. The crowning touch of suffering is provided in the well-arranged escape of Barradas and Chillon, the soulless thief who, his wicked service to Calphurnia rendered, also has been deported. The escape brings but further tortures, yet Barradas, wrested from the very teeth of despair and extinction, in the end wins.

The book's inadequate saving touch of more wholesome incident and emotion is provided by the unwitting love of Calphurnia's innocently sweet daughter, Almee, and Paul Barradas, whom the unspeakable adventures aids for the sake of further maltreating his father. But though this love helps us to forgive the long horror of the powerful, gripping story, it does not make that story the fitter for normal natures to read. (The Macaulay Company, New York.)

## THE PRACTICAL POET.

## Advertisers Appreciate His Verse, Even if Publishers Do Not.

From the New York Sun. "It is passing strange," said the practical poet as he ran his hand through where his hair used to be, "that I never see a volume of poetry among the six best sellers. It is positively discouraging, for poetry is always good to the eye if not to the ear, and those who read it are generally of the softer gender."

"And this isn't because there is any scarcity of publishers, for even I have been approached on more than one occasion by philanthropic gentlemen who would bring out a volume of my poems for the consideration of a few hundred dollars. But somehow I couldn't see it in that light, and there must be a few thousand more who take that view of it; hence the dearth of books of verse in the publishers' lists."

"A good many young men come to this town every year with suit cases filled with fresh, original verse and what they imagine to be letters to posterity in their inside pockets. But they are up against a hard proposition. I know, because I've been through the mill."

"When I struck this town I was filled with all sorts of lofty ideas and after six months near starvation I was glad to get a job on an obscure trade publication, which I wouldn't have secured if the editor had known that I dabbled with the muse. I tried the magazines with some success, but it took two or three years before any of my poems were printed. I had some stuff accepted too in the comic papers, but they only paid on publication—I suppose that's where the joke came in."

"But the advertising game was the best of all while it lasted. I don't wish to be understood as saying that it is dead, for the street cars, fences, and rocks still carry some lasting verse in praise of various kinds of merchandise. To accomplish this class of verse it was necessary to worship at the altar of beauty a good deal after the manner of Shelley and Keats. When the pickle man came along and he who purveys the superior order of frankfurters then genius was made to bid in different directions. And so I said regally."

"All this is, of course, retrospective on my part. Running this emporium of letters which has for its object the giving of advice to embryo poets at so much per line, I have no kick coming."

## BEHIND TIME.

## From McGuffey's Fifth Reader.

A railroad train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station where two trains usually met. The conductor was late—so late that the period during which the up train was to wait had nearly elapsed, but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in jeopardy, and all because an engineer had been behind time.

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking in the west; re-enforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight. It was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost.

A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in a season all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knew the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back, and Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was behind time.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had large sums of money in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and if they arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to large amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak, but it was found, on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent in remitting had been behind time.

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the gravest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve. A favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger.

The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolting in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved frantically to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve, but he came too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death because a watch had been five minutes too late, making its bearer arrive behind time.

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year after year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant because forever "behind time."

## A Kansas Franchise.

## From the Emporia Gazette.

A franchise to furnish gas to Emporia was given to a firm for nothing a year ago. The penalty for this company in case it should fail to furnish gas for ninety days was the revoking of the franchise.

## Judging by the Papers.

## From M. A. F.

Mrs. Mages—I hear yer father's in trouble with the police again. Was yer mother much upset?

The Child—No; she said she supposed every man had his trials.

## TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

## Labor Day—September 5.